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12

PEP COMICS

ACTION
DETECTIVE
ADVENTURE

FEB.

10¢





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REMINGTON
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A beautiful desk is a central business which will be for the duration of my term—placed in front and above—and made of sturdy steel—now available for only one dollar (at 10¢) to purchase of a Remington Deluxe Fountain Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be used anywhere without trouble—it is so strong that it will hold up to 1000 lbs. weight. With this combination of desk and Remington Deluxe Fountain Typewriter, you will have a complete office at home. Learn the complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today.



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Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Fountain Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 25 page Typewriter Book for no money at all in 10 days. Send Catalogue.

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THE SHIELD

WITH DUSTY

THE SPECTACULAR BOY DETECTIVE

TWO FIGURES, STREAKING LIKE COMETS THROUGH THE NIGHT, IN THE CONSTANT RACE WITH CRIME, AND ALWAYS WINNING—THE SHIELD AND DUSTY THE BOY DETECTIVE.....BUT NOW THERE IS A FOE MORE OMINOUS, MORE DEADLY AND CUNNING — DR. HUNG INTERNATIONAL SABOTEUR WHOSE VENOM REACHES INTO THE HEART OF A GREAT CITY AS DEATH RIDES THE RAILS!

BY IRVING THAYER, AND HARVEY SHARPER

THE EVENING SUBWAY RUSH HOUR, TRAINS, TEEMING WITH TIRED, HOMEWARD-BOUND HUMANS.



A TRAIN HURTLES PRECIPITOUSLY ALONG THE RAILS



AN INCREDIBLE THING OCCURS JUST AROUND THE CURVE!





THE TRAIN GLIDES INTO A SUBTERRANEAN TUNNEL AND IS SURROUNDED BY FANTASTICALLY ROBED FIGURES.



AND THE RAILS SWING BACK TO THEIR NORMAL POSITION.



NOW THE MASTER-CRIMINAL APPEARS, HIS ORIENTAL FACE TWISTED IN A LUGGING GRIN...



BE CAREFUL! YOU'VE MADE A BIG MISTAKE!







WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, SHIELD?

GRAND SQUARE STATION! THAT'S WHERE THE RADIO REPORTER SAID IT WAS LAST SEEN!



HERE WE ARE, DUSTY! YOU GO TO THE NEXT STATION! I'LL START HERE. WE MAY FIND SOMETHING BETWEEN US!

GOOD IDEA!



THE SHIELD RIPS UP THE SUBWAY GRATING AS THOUGH IT WERE A TOY.

BETTER MAKE MY OWN ENTRANCE INTO THE SUBWAY! I DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN!



SO FAR I'VE FOUND NOTHING! BUT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THAT ON THE TRACKS?



WOW! I DIDN'T KNOW THEY PUT HINGES ON TRACKS!



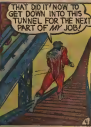
WAIT! MY IDEAL SPRINGING DOWN! NOW I'M BEGINNING TO GET IT!



A TRAIN'S COMING AT TOP SPEED. IT WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP IN TIME. IF I CAN JUST SCRAM IT UP...



THE SHIELD PLACES HIS HANDS ON THE THIRD RAIL AND SHORT CIRCUITS THE TRAIN'S CURRENT.



THAT DID IT! NOW TO GET DOWN INTO THIS TUNNEL FOR THE NEXT PART OF MY JOB!

THE SHIELD'S MASSIVE STRENGTH IS PUT INTO FULL PLAY AS HE HOISTS THE TRACKS BACK INTO PLACE



ONE HAND SUPPORTING TRACKS AND TRAIN, THE OTHER USED TO BEAT OFF HIS ATTACKERS, THE SHIELD FINDS HIMSELF IN A DIFFICULT SITUATION.



A WOODED FIGURE BEARING A TRAIN-STEALING HELMET COMES UP STEALTHILY



AND SLIPS IT ON BEFORE THE SHIELD CAN RECOVER



EVEN THE SHIELD'S POWERFUL BRAIN GIVES WAY UNDER THE FRENCHISH DEVICES



THE SHIELD 'ONE OF MY VICTIMS' WHAT A PRIZE SABOTEUR - AND AGAINST YOUR OWN COUNTRY' AT LAST I, DR. ARNO, HAVE TRIUMPHED!



ALL THE PASSENGERS, NOW SLAVES TO DR. HANG'S WILL, ARE HERDED BACK INTO THE TRAIN... NOW AGENTS FOR THE INSIDIOUS ORIENTAL.



JOEY STILL INVESTIGATING, SPIES THE EMERGING TRAIN.



JOEY DASHES TOWARD THE UP-SWINGING TRACKS.



THE SHIELD MUST BE DOWN THERE! I'LL WAIT FOR IT TO OPEN AGAIN!



TRAIN 431 MAKES A BELATED APPEARANCE AT THE GRAND SQUARE STATION.



THE CROWDS ARE ASTOUNDED AT THE OUT-COMING PEOPLE.



OUT INTO THE STREETS THEY POUR—HUMAN ROBOTS KNOWING ONE THING, THE VOICE OF THEIR MASTER, DR. HANG.



THE GRANT MUNITIONS PLANT—DR. HANG'S FIRST OBJECTIVE.



THE NIGHT GUARD IS OVER-
WHELMED.

HELP! GLUM!



DAZEDLY ONE MAKES HIS
WAY THROUGH THE GATE
AS THE OTHER STANDS
GUARD



AND PLANTS AN INFERNAL
MACHINE IN A STRATEGIC
SPOT.



AND BLASTS HIMSELF INTO ETERNITY
ALONG WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF
THE FACTORY



WHILE AT THE NAVY YARDS OTHER HYPNOTIZED
TOOLS PREPARE TO CARRY OUT
DR. WANG'S COMMAND



AGAIN, APPALLING SUCCESS. THE
COUNTRY'S MOST VITAL DEFENSES
SEEM DOOMED.



AND ONLY A BOY IS LEFT TO FRUSTRATE THE
MASTER-CRIMINAL. CAN DUSTY MEASURE
UP TO THE HERCULEAN
TASK?



OH, BUT A TRAIN'S
COMING!







HOW DO YOU KILLERS
LIKE A DOSE
OF YOUR
OWN MED-
CINE?



THAT CURSED MP WILL
RUIN MY PLANS! I KNOW
HOW TO STOP HIM!



YOU ARE MY SLAVE
SHIELD! I COMMAND
YOU TO KILL THAT
BOY!

YES,
MASTER!



SHIELD! WHAT'S THAT
FUNNY LOOKIN' GADGET
ON YOUR HEAD?



ALAN! YOU SURE LOOK
FUNNY. HEY!
WHY'RE YOU LOOK-
IN AT ME LIKE
THAT?



SHIELD! SHIELD! HAVE
YOU GONE
CRAZY?
DIE!
IT'S MY
DUTY!



DUSTY'S CRIES PIERCE THROUGH THE
SHIELD'S BEFOGGED BRAIN

WH... WHAT...

IT'S DUSTY,
SHIELD! DON'T!



WH... WHAT HAPPENED?
THIS THING! I
MUST GET RID
OF IT!

WHEN!
I... I STILL CAN'T
BREATHE!

FETSO'S TRYING TO MAKE
A GETAWAY WHILE THE
SHIELD'S STILL
GROGGY!



DR. WANG STEALS INTO A
CUBICLE AND PRESSES
A BUTTON. A WALL
SLIDES DOWN.



BUSTY LUNGES UNDER THE
DOWNSLIDING WALL - NOT A
SPILT-SECOND TOO SOON.



THE SHIELD IS ALSO IN
CLOSE CHASE



MEANWHILE, BETTY AND
JU JU CARRY OUT
WANG'S ORDERS



FILES! MUST
DESTROY F.B.I.
FILES! MUST DESTROY!



JU JU! WHAT IN BLAZE'S
ARE YOU WEARING THAT
FISHBOWL FOR? WHERE
ARE YOU GOING.
HEY! WHY DON'T YOU
ANSWER!



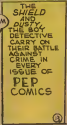
HERE ARE MORE
VITAL STATISTICS
ON FOREIGN
SABOTAGE!

I'LL
FILE THEM
IMMEDIATE-
LY!









DANNY

IN WONDERLAND

THERE IS A LAND OF
WONDERS—AS ANY BOY
OR GIRL CAN TELL YOU.
A LAND OF ENCHANT-
MENT—WITCHES, WOB-
GOBLINS, FMRGS AND
GIANTS—WHERE ADVENT-
TURE'S LURK IN EVERY
CORNER — DANNY
WISHED HARD ENOUGH AND
FOUND THE LAND OF WONDERS!



DANNY IS
VISITING
HIS UNCLE'S
LUNCH!

LOOKA, THAT KID RIDE!
HOPPEE! BREAK HIM,
DANNY!



WHEEE! STEADY OLD BOY!
HOPPEE! I DID IT! I RODE
MY FIRST BUCKING
BRONCHO!



DANNY SUPPER SO SOON.
UNCLE! 'M JUST WHEN
I WAS BEGINNIN' TO
HAVE FUN!

YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH
FOR ONE DAY! COME
ALONG, DANNY!



THAT NIGHT, AFTER
SUPPER

GO TO BED,
SOON,
DANNY!

GO ON! THESE
STORIES ARE REEM!
WISH I COULD GO
TO THE LAND OF
WONDERS!















The

COMET

ANOTHER SHAMING ADVENTURE OF THE MOST ASTOUNDING MAN ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH... THE COMET IS HOT ON THE TRAIL OF A GANG OF SAND-POWDER WORKS AND KIDNAPED HIS FIANCEE, THE LADY GORDON, ACE NEWS PAPER WOMAN!

SEEING A SUSPICIOUS WORKMAN AT THE SANDPOWDER PLANT, THE COMET FORCES HIM TO REVEAL THE SANDS HIDE-OUT, FAR UP IN THE HILL COUNTRY....



I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU BRUGHT ME HERE! I DON'T WANT TO HAVE ANYTHING YOU CAN USE!



LOOK, THE COMET SEES...

OH NOW THAT REPORTER WE BURIED OFF HAD THE GOODS ON US-AND HE PASSED IT ALONG TO YOU! WE WANT THAT EVIDENCE!



I DON'T HAVE IT! AND IF I DID, YOU'D NEVER GET IT FROM ME!

The Spirit

LETTING HIS VISION, THE DEHUMANIZING
RAYS FROM THE COMET'S EYES
BLAST A HOLE IN THE SIDE OF
THE CABIN.



COMET? LOOK
OUT! HE'S GOT A
GUN ON YOU!



THE COMETS BODY-
ANDY ALLOWS HIM TO
BOUNCE AROUND THE
ROOM LIKE A
DIBBLE BALL!







FOCUS US FOR BREAKING IN SO
SUDDENLY, BUT WE HAVEN'T TIME
FOR FORMALITIES!

I FAIL TO SEE THE HUMOR IN THIS,
YOUNG LADY! KINDLY EXPLAIN,
PLEASE!

WITH PLEASURE! YOUR SHODDIES HERE
HAVE JUST TOLD ME A DANNY-BOY
FUNKY STORY, AND IT SEEMS YOU'RE
THE EVIL GIANT BEHIND IT ALL!

SO SORRY, MADDY!
I'M HERE TO RAISE
DELICATE HEADS- AND
DROP UN-DELICATE
FIREARMS!

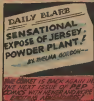
NOW-PLEASE TO EXPLAIN
YOUR VERY UGLY ENTRANCE
OF SUCH BEAUTIFUL
WOMAN!

HELP! COMET!!

YOUR FRIEND WON'T
USE OF ANY AID!
THE POLICE HAVE
TAKEN CARE
OF HIM!

YOU'VE GOT THAT TWISTED GLASS-EYE,
IN TAKING CARE OF THE POLICE - AND
OF YOU, TOO! UP WITH YOUR HANDS,
ALL OF YOU!

GET IN BACK OF ME, THELMA! AND
SEE THAT THERE ARE NO LOOSE
GUNS LYING CONVENIENTLY
AROUND!



THE FIREBALL

FIRE!

THE STILL OF THE NIGHT IS PIERCED BY THAT DREADED CRY. TED TYLER AND ENGINE COMPANY NO. 5 SPEED TO THE SCENE





THE WALLS COLLAPSE, SPILLING THE CHEMICALS!





TED, YOU ARE TO WORK AS A ONE-MAN ARSON SQUAD WITH YOUR ABILITY TO CONTROL THE HEAT IN YOUR BODY YOU ARE A MATCH FOR ANY MAN

I MUST CATCH THE BUS BEFORE HE SEES ANYMORE FIRES



ATTENTION! FIRE IN TENEMENT ON 4TH STREET

THAT'S FOR ME! I MUST GET THERE IN A HURRY — BUT HOW?



I HAVE A FEELING OF POSSESSING A TREMENDOUS LEAPING ABILITY HERE GOES NOTHING



THE FIRE BALL LEAPS THROUGH THE SKY TOWARD THE FIRE



MEANWHILE... AT THE TENEMENT

HER, HER, ANOTHER FIRE! I LOVE THEM



STOP HIM! HE'LL BE KILLED!



THE FIRE NOW OUT IS THE LAMPS! IT'S 48 COLD AND THE ROOMS ARE FREEZING!

WELL THE FIRST REAL TEST INVOLVED NOW FOR THE BUS



MEANWHILE ON THE ROOF OF AN ADJOINING BUILDING

IT'S OUT. SOME ONE PUT MY BEAUTIFUL FIRE OUT. FOR THAT WE MUST DIE!





THE END OF "THE BUG"



THE FIREBALL WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF POP COMICS

SERGEANT BOYLE



THE STRANGE HANDS OF FATE HAVE BROUGHT TOGETHER TWO OF THE BOLDADEST, BASTARD-ED SHOCK-SQUAD FIGHTERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY—

DURING LANDING AN ENGLISH PERSON DROPPED SAFELY IN CANADA, (SEE *ALL THE PARSON COMICS*, FEBRUARY) THEY NOW FIND THEMSELVES BATTLING THEIR WORST ENEMY, *DEATH* ITSELF!

BY GIRD



CANADA? HUH. IT'S AS BAD HERE AS IN BROOKLYN. DERE IS A SERVICE-YARD I'M GOING BACK TO ENGLAND BEFORE I START CUTTING OUT PAPER DOLLS!



POP? THIS HAIN'T EXACTLY WHAT TO CALL THE FRONT LINES, BUT HOW WILL WE GET BACK? THEN THERE'S (GULP) AND SCARF!



OH, WELL! (GULP) I'M GOING OVER AN SEE WHAT WE DO NOTHING BUT FIGHT WITH EACH OTHERS... GUESS EVEN THATS BETTER THEN SITTING AROUND MOODING!



WAIT UP, SARGE? AS GO WITH YOU?

FOR ITS YOURSELF, HOW DO YOU LIKE TALKING SWELL, OHN MY BOY, THIS IS THE LIFE, HERE AND THERE? THE STORIES HERE AS LONG AS I LIVE!



OH, I LIKE IT FINE! I WAS GETTING REAL FED UP WITH EATING BULLETS FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCH AND DINNER, FROM NOW ON, I'M TAKING LIFE EASY—



YOU BET'LL STAY HERE AND LIVE OFF THE FAT OF THE LAND! HOW ABOUT A LITTLE GOLF IN THE MORNING?



SURE THING, AND SAY THERE'S MUST BE A LOT OF LONGGUNS AROUND HERE WITH ALL THE WALK OR-SQUADS IN ENGLAND!



C'MON, FURBER!
TAKING ALL I WANTED TO KNOW THAT CLAMP WILL GO WITH ME! WHILE WE'RE ON OUR WAY OVER THERE'S A CLAMP-GO! THOUT!



"YOU HEARD ME, ADPT DON'T
GIVE IT AWAY A BREECHER
GENERAL, UNLESS YOU HAVE
ORDERS FROM BIRD. YOU'LL
HAVE TO SWIM IT!" BICE
KNOWING YOU!

"THIS MAN IS REALLY
A CAPTAIN. NO
DUBIOUS, HE MAY
NOT LOOK IT
BUT HE IS."

"YES PLUM IF
MY STEPS?"
"I'LL HAVE YOU
COURT MAR-
TIALED!"

"AND AS A GENERAL,"
"THE LOT OF YOU ARE GOING
TO BEAT IT IF WE DON'T
TEAR OFF THIS SUBS!
LET 'EM GET ON!"



"THANKS A LOT, GENERAL,
"IN SERGEANT BOYLE,
WANT YOUR HANDLES?"

"JUST WAIT 'TIL WE
GET ENGLAND. I'LL
TEACH YOU TO RE-
SPECT YOUR
SUPERIOR!"



"GIVEN YOU DRUNKENNESS, JUST AFTER
I'LL GO BACK THERE AND SHOW THAT
LONG NOSE OF YOURS DOWN
YOUR THROAT!"

"THERE'S SOMETHING
HERE, I'LL TALK TO
ABOUT THAT FORCE
SAY!"



"I THOUGHT SO—HOLD
ON. I'LL STAY HERE AND
LIE OFF THE PIT OF
THE LARD BAYS
YOU...."

"YEAH, IT'S ME! SO
WHAT? AND YOU
WERE GOIN TO
TAKE LIFE BARK
YOU ARE...."



"GENTLEMAN? GENTLEMAN?
THIS IS UNPARDONABLE. I'LL
HAVE YOU ALL UP FOR
COURT MARTIAL. STOP
IT, I SAY!"

SOX!

"SO YOU'RE
GOING TO
PLAY A LITTLE
GOLF THIS MORNING,
FIGHTER?"

"SO YOU'RE
GOING TO
PLAY A LITTLE
GOLF THIS MORNING,
FIGHTER?"



"LOOK! A SHIP IS
ANCHORED IN
MID-OCEAN!"



"JUST A MINUTE,
BOYLE? WHAT'S
UP?"

"O F LET'S SEE
WHAT THE GENERAL
WANTS. SOMETHING
ABOUT A SHIP!"



SAFETHAT'S BECAUSE
WHAT DOES AN OIL
WANT TO ANCHOR
WAY OUT HERE
NOW?

HE FLIES
NO FLAG. I
CAN'T TELL
HIS NATION-
ALITY!



BUT IF ANYQUIS IS
RIGHT, THAT MAY
ACCOUNT FOR THE
EXTENSIVE HALL
BUSINESS ACTIVITY.
THEY COULD RIFLE
FROM THAT SHIP WITH-
OUT GOING TO THEIR
BASES.



AREN'T THEY
COULDN'T LAST A DAY
BEFORE ONE OF OUR
CRUISERS WOULD
GET IT?

I THINK YOU'RE
ALL WET ON THE
GENERAL.
THEY HEAV-
EN'T RISE A
BOAT FOR
THAT.



IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOUR RECORD, TO SEE THE
FOUR OF YOU SHOT AT BUNKERS FREE IF YOU
TWO CAN'T KEEP FROM FIGHTING WITH
EACH OTHER? WELL, CAPTAIN?



I'LL HAVE TO BE GOING.
I'VE GOT SOME VERY
IMPORTANT PRIVATE
BUSINESS TO TAKE
CARE OF!

YES, AND I'VE GOT TO
SEE A FRIEND WHO'S
WORKING FOR THE STATES.
BYE —



WHAT'S ON YOUR
MIND, SARGE? I
THOUGHT YOU
WERE GOING TO
SEE A FRIEND?

HE'S GONE — BOOM! A
FRIEND! WHAT FRIEND?
OH, YES! — HE'S ON
BOARD A WHITE SHIP OUT
THERE! COME!



WENT I GAVE
HIM THE SLIP
THIS TIME, THE
BIG LAG?



POOR! I
THOUGHT
YOU'D GONE
TO SEE A
FRIEND?

THAT'S IT! AND
YOU'VE GOT SOME
VERY IMPORTANT
BUSINESS TO TAKE
CARE OF?



THAT'S A LAUGH! WE
BOTH HAD THE SAME
THOUGHT IN MIND.

I DIDN'T WANT TO USE THE
SUBMARINE'S LIFE — BUT IF
WE HAD HAD SOME EGGS
ON BOARD TO HAVE
CHANCED FLYING
LOWER.



HERE
SHE IS!
STILL NO
FLAG
SHOWIN'!

LOOKS
PEACEFUL
ENOUGH!
HEY!







LET'S FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

YOU KNOW IT, TIM UP—WE'LL LOOK AROUND THE SHIP FIRST. IF YOU NEED US?

WE DON'T NEED HELP FROM ANYONE—JUST LEAVE IT TO ME!



WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IT MEANS? IS HE GOING INTO THE OCEAN...

YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE! LOOK! THERE'S A SPEAK STILL GONE THERE!



WELL, HAVE TO WAIT 'TIL HE COMES UP, JOHN?



WELL, HAVE TO WAIT 'TIL HE COMES UP, JOHN?

THIS IS HOW I USED TO SNEAK DRINKS OUT OF POP'S GARDEN HOSE!



IF YOU MEET ANY CUTE MERMAIDS, TELL THE LIME TREE, I'LL BE DOWN!

THE SAIL OVER COMES ON FRONT, AND SOME COME AND SAT...



BOY! THIS IS THE CLEVEREST STUNT I'VE SEEN YET! A BIG TANK OF OIL FOR THE GUNS. IT SAVED THEM GOING TO THEIR BASES!



THERE COMES ONE NOW TO REFUEL!



IF THIS BARGE LOCK OPENS IT WILL LET SOME WATER INTO THERE! RUN! AND STOP THEIR MOTORS!



WAS IS? OUR MOTOR HAS STOP! AND I CAN NOT SEE IN BE PERISCOPE. WAS IS?

WE CAN STILL RISE TO THE SURFACE, KAPITAN!



WELL, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! BARGE AND REPAIR THAT ENGINE NOW!



CUTE LITTLE MERMAIDS! THEIR HUTCH IS LOCKED! FURRY AND HELP ME OUT OF THIS STRAIGHT JACKET!

SO I OPENED THE VALVE AND MIXED A LITTLE WATER IN WITH THEIR FUEL!

DAMN! IS THAT HOW LEAVE IT OPEN!

NO I DIDN'T, IT WAS A
SPRING BALANCE, BUT I'VE
GOT AN IDEA!

YOU NEVER THOUGHT OF
PUTTING A BOMB ON IT, DID
YOU? WHY YOU'RE SMART
LIKE YOUR DAD, THOMAS!



HOW ABOUT A BOMB? IF WE
CAN BANG A HOLE IN THEM!
TANK, THERE'S NO TELLIN'
HOW MANY OF THOSE
HEAVY BUNKERS
WE'LL GET!

BUT WHAT
WITH?



I'VE GOT IT! THERE'S
A HATCHDOOR ON
THE FORT BELL!
SAW IT WHEN I
WAS COMIN'
AROUND! LET'S
GET IT!



THIS IS
ABOUT IT?

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN-ABOUT?
WE'VE ONLY GOT
OUR HATCHDOOR!



THAT DID IT! LOOK
AT THE OIL ON THE
SURFACE! OUR
BOMB!

NOW ALL
WE'VE GOT
TO DO IS
BANG!



SOMETIME LATER
THEY START FOR HOME

THERE GUMT TO BE
ANOTHER HALF DOZEN
WAITING FOR US ON
OUR NEXT TRIP OUT!

HIS SHIP ANY
READY? ALL THAT
COMMISSIONS OF
ARMY GUTS
OF SEA?



HELLO, GANG!
I'M NOT MUCH ON TROOP-
ES, SO I'LL JUST PUT
TO YOU STRAIGHT! I
WAS NOTHING TO DO
WITH THE SCENARIOS
CRASHING INTO MY
COMIC STRIP! WHAT
I WANT TO KNOW IS,
DO YOU LIKE THE
JOKE? IF YOU DON'T,
I'LL KICK HIM THE
DEVIL OUT!

PLEASE LET ME
KNOW BY DROPPING
A LINE TO ME!
SERGEANT BOYLE,
ROOM 311 -42 HYDE
STREET, NEW YORK,
CITY

PROBABLY! AND YOU A
CAPTAIN! WHY YOU
SHOULD BE AWARE
OF YOURSELF!

BUT HE
CALLED BOYLE
AN HEADED
JACK, BOYLE!



HA, HA, HA, HA!

YOU WIT IT ON THE
MOON, RICE DON'
SCAPED!

HA, HA, HA!



YOU'LL TAKE
THAT STOMP
GEM OFF!

WHO'S
GOING TO DO IT?



Lee Sampson, MIDSHIPMAN



CHRISTMAS TIME AT ANNAPOLIS! A BIRM GLOW FILLS THE HEARTS OF MIDSHIPMEN AT THIS HOLIDAY OF HOLIDAYS -- THE TIME WHEN RULES ARE RELAXED AND THE WIGGIES CAN LET OFF SOME STEAM!





HE'S ONLY WEARING
A JACKET... HE'S A
GOOD MAN! HE
NEVER DID
ANYTHING
BAD BE-
FORE!

DON'T
WORRY!



FOOD? PLENTY
OF IT!
AND MY
WIFE IS
STARVING!

A WIFE... EATERS...



WELL, THEY HUNT
TODAY! I'M GOING
TO GET THAT FOOD!



WIFE
MISTERS!

GO!



HEY! MY WIFE
GOING ON
HERE!

ED, MY
FRIEND
SAYS
OFFICER!
THAT'S ALL!



WELL, HOPE HE DON'T
HURT HIMSELF!
MERRY AMAS
TO BOTH
OF YOU!

THANK
OFFICER!
TAKE TO
YOURSELF!



WHY DID YOU STOP ME?
MY WIFE AND KIDS...
THEY'RE HUNGRY!
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO!

THAT'S NO WAY
TO SOLVE YOUR
PROBLEMS...
YOU ONLY MAKE
THEM TOUGHER!



THEY'D BE A LOT
WORSE OFF WITH
YOU IN JAIL! NOW,
YOU GO STRAIGHT
HOME... GO ON
DO AS I SAY!

GUESS YOU'RE
RIGHT! I WAS
CRAZY WITH
WORRY! IT
WON'T HAPPEN
AGAIN!





THE ROOMS OF THE SHIP RESPOND
AND THE AIRPORT IS
BECOMES THE SCENE OF
UNUSUAL ACTIVITY.



WELCOME TO OUR PARTY
EVERY BODY! MERRY XMAS
TO YOU ALL, HO, HO!



POPPER,
LOOK!
SANTA
CLAUS!

GREAT
GODDAM!
HE'S HERE!

COME ON US KIDS AND GET YOUR XMAS
STOCKINGS! AND YOU OLDER FOLKS, TOO!
SANTA HAVN'T FORGOTTEN
YOU EITHER!



BRIGHT-EYED YOUNGSTERS ALL
AROUND THE XMAS TREE. DAN LOREN
WILL SOON RECEIVE A HUSBAND OF
MERRY LAUGHTER.



AND NOW FOLKS, FOR A
THANKS-LIKE SONG!
THE NAVY BAND WILL
SERVE IT UP! THE BEST
IS UP TO YOU! LET'S MAKE
MERRY IN A BIG WAY!



WE HAVEN'T DANCED
FOR SO LONG, ROSE.
IN A LITTLE MUSTY
SHIP.



HOWSAFE?
YOU DANCE AS
WELL AS EVER!



AWAY! IT'S HOT
BEHIND THIS
BEARD! HOWD
I DO, SHIPWRECK?



GREAT LIE! THE
PARTY'S A
BANG-UP suc-
cess... AND THE
BEST I'VE HAD!



XMAS COMES
ONCE A YEAR,
KIDS, BUT TRY
TO KEEP THE
SPIRIT IN YOUR
HEARTS ALL
YEAR AROUND!



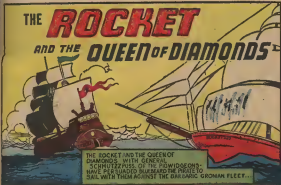
WOW! AND BE-
FORE WE
FORGET... A
HAPPY NEW
YEAR, TOO!



MORE
ADVENTURES
OF LIE
SANDPORN
AND
SHIPWRECK
JONES.
THE
WIDOWMEN
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
FIP
COMICS!

THE **ROCKET**

AND THE **QUEEN OF DIAMONDS**



THE ROCKET AND THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS, WITH GENERAL SCHUTZFUSS, OF THE POWIDGONS, HAVE PERSUADED BLUMBERG THE PIRATE TO SAIL WITH THEM AGAINST THE BARBARIC GROMAN FLEET...



"MY SIGHT OF THE GROMANS, YET ALREADY!"

"AND WHEN WE DO JUST LEAVE THE STRATEGY OF THE BATTLE TO ME!"

"NOT YET! BUT WE SHOULD CONTACT THEM SOON!"



"LOOK! I SEE SAILS OVER THERE ON THE EASTERN HORIZON"



THE ROCKETEER AND THE JOLLY ROGER CLOSE IN ON THE GROMAN ARMADA!



SIDE BY SIDE, THE
SLOC KETTER AND
THE PIRATE SHIP
LAUNCHED A
FEROCIOUS
ASSAULT!



CELEBRATING WITH, MAKING
USE OF A VITAL WEAPON,
HURRY, BARRAGE OF FLAMING
-TAR-PITCH- AT THE
ENEMY!



THE FURY OF THE ASSAULT THROWS
THE GUYMAN GALLEONS INTO CONFUSION!



THE ROCKET AND THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS CREATE MAYHEM WITH THEIR BAY BUNDS!



BUT A GROMAN LEGIONAIRE DROPS A DEAD ON THE QUEEN WITH HIS JARAC...



THANK YOU, BO DOCKET! THIS IS ONE MORE REASON WHY MY LIFE - ALL OF IT - BELONGS TO YOU!



WHELP! THE GROMANS ARE ON THE ROO!



ROCKET! THE GROMAN FLAGSHIP IS TRYING TO OUTMANEUVER US AND BREAK FOR THE OPEN SEA!



IN PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY GALLEON, THE ROCKETERS FLOW'S THROUGH THE WATERS WITH THE WIND IN HER TEETH AND A WHITE WAKE BOILING AFTER...

IN A FEW MINUTES,
THE SHIPS ARE
RUNNING WICK-
AND HECK....

AIM FOR THE OARSMEN-
YOUR MAJESTY! WE WANT
TO TAKE THE LEADERS ALIVE!

THE GROMAN CHIEFTAIN IS ANNIHILATED AT
THE DEVASTATING POWER OF THE STORMING
ROCKET!

THE ROCKET AND THE QUEEN OF
DIAMONDS BOARD THE GALLION...

I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH!
I SHALL AT LEAST MAKE
SURE OF MY OWN
LIFE!

THE GROMAN
CAESAR TAKES
A PIECE OF
CLOTH FROM
HIS TUNIC...

SURRENDER!
SURRENDER!

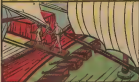
MASTIFF RECLINGS THE MAST...
HAWING THE WHITE CLOTH BACK AND
FORTH...

SH ROCKET! LOOK!
THE WHITE FLAG!
THE VICTORY IS
OURS!

I HOPE THIS NO
TRYOUT!

WE CALL FOR THE UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER
OF YOUR LEADER
WHO SHALL
ACCOMPANY US!

THE ROCKET AND HIS QUEEN ESCORT THE CAPTURED CHIEFTAIN ABOARD THE ROCKETEER!



PLEASE DON'T TALK ME TO THE ROMANCE COUNTRY! THEY'LL LYNCH ME!



YOU SEEM TO FORGET THAT THE ROMANCE ARE NOT SAD BARBERS LIKE YOU PEOPLE!



HAPPY BECAUSE OF THE LOOT HIS BAND WILL RECOVER FROM THE DEFEATED ADMIRAL BLUEBEARD WHEN COMING TO HIS AID.



WITH ALL SAILS SET AND A FAVORABLE WIND IN HER RIDING, THE ROCKETEER STARTS FOR HOME.



DAYS LATER...



AND THE DEAFENING CHIEFS OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE THE SMOKE CAPTIVE IS TAKEN ABOARD IN IRONS!



SO THERE I WAS FRING LEFT AND RIGHT! AND THEN IN A FURIOUS HAND TO HAND BATTLE I WAS SLAIN!



WELL, YOUR MAJESTY, THAT WAS A GREAT ADVENTURE, BUT I'M GLAD IT'S ALL OVER!

BUT IS IT REALLY OVER, SIR ROCKET? OR WILL THE CROMANS TRY TO RESCUE THEIR CAPTIVE? AND WHAT OF BLUEBEARD? IS HE TO BE TRUSTED? OR WILL HE TRY TO LOOT US LIKE HE DID THE CROMANS? I WONDER!

THE FATES ARE FICKLE

EVEN though hockey is a very bruising sport, entailing body contact of the severest sort, very few fatalities are the order of the day.

Players acquire broken bones, fractured skulls, gouged eyes, and the like, but despite these command performances under the surgeon's stiletto, seldom is a puckster called upon to meet his maker as the result of engaging in a puckfest.

Men who have been in the big leagues of hockey for years have at one time or another parried threats with the Grim Reaper, but have always managed to emerge on the winning side.

All of which leads up to the unfortunate tale of Andy Ritchie, a nice young fellow, who played a lot of hockey for the Atlantic City Sea Gulls, a team just a mile below the big league standard.

In a game against the New York Rovers, Andy carrying the puck was body checked by a Rover. It wasn't a particularly hard check, but Andy fell back in such a way, that he wound up with his knees flat on the ice—sitting on his razor sharp skates. He didn't seem badly hurt, but a short examination showed that he was bleeding profusely in back of the thigh. He was taken to a hospital where he died a few hours later, from a hemorrhage. The sharp edges of his skate had penetrated two inches into his thigh, severing an artery.

And so, while the fickle fates flash their ironic grin, a youth in the prime of life, dies from what appears to be a minor injury, while veterans of the slivery shorn, running the gamut of near fatal injuries go merrily on their way, perilously treading the border line of the River Styx, but just managing to stay on the right shore.



HERE IT IS

THE NEW
NO. 2 ISSUE
OF YOUR
FAVORITE MAGAZINE

STARTING THE G-MAN EXTRAORDINARY
AND THE MAN WITH THE SUPER-BRAIN



10c

SHIELD-WIZARD

No. 2

ALL BRAND NEW • SMASHING ACTION



LOOK
FOR
Tommy
THE
SUPER
BOY!

ALL
NEW!
ALL

DIFFERENT

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSTANDS

KAYO WARD



KAYO HAD BECOME FED UP WITH THE
BURNING. SAYING HE
WOULD RATHER BE A BOXING DATE
FIGHTER THAN A BOXING FIGHTER.
SO HE'S BACK TO THE SQUARED
ARMED AND PERHAPS ANOTHER
SHOT AT THE HEAVY WEIGHT CORNER



I ARRANGED A COUPLE
SMALL FIGHTS, JIM.
TO KNOB, WARM
YOU UP?

THAT'S GOOD,
PUNCHY! I'LL
TUNE FEEL NICE
TO PUT ON BOOTH
GLOVES, AGAIN!



KAYO ARRIVES AT THE TOP OF HIS
FIRST FIGHT AND IS GIVEN A
HEARTY RECEPTION

KAYO
BOOTH
BOOTH



I AM MAYOR OF BUREAU
VILLAGE. GIVE YOU THE
KEY TO THE CITY.
MAYOR WARD, WE'RE
Proud TO HAVE SUCH
A CELEBRITY!

BOOTH
BOOTH
BOOTH



AT THAT MOMENT IN NEW YORK

KAYO ASKED JIM
WHY HE WASN'T A
COMEBACK TOUR?

NO MORE
SCUMPS!



I AM LIKE
SAY OUR
ANYTHING
JIMMY?

YOU COULD BEAT
BOTH OF THEM
BOOTH BOOTH BOOTH





THEY'RE ALL HERE! BUT DON'T GET TOO CLOSE! - BUT DON'T GET TOO CLOSE!





DAVID LUNGES OUT WITH A STINGING LEFT—AND MOVES—BUT EDDIE SEEMS TO KNUCKLE . . .



GOSSIP: THIS FLOOR SEEMS TO BE SLIPPERY!



DAVID GETS OFF THE FLOOR WITHOUT A COUNT.



EDDIE THROWS A CROOKED LEFT—BUT HE THINKS IT TRICKS E



GOSSIP: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? I CAN'T KICK MY FEET!



THE FIGHT'S BECOMING A FARCE! DAVID'S GONE DOWN IN EVERY ROUND SO FAR—WITHOUT BEING HIT! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE THAT WOULD! WOULD THROW A FIGHT, BUT THERE'S NO DUBIOUS FIGHTER AROUND!



EDDIE: WHAT'S THE MATTER? THE FIGHT'S BECOMING A FARCE! DAVID'S GONE DOWN IN EVERY ROUND SO FAR—WITHOUT BEING HIT! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE THAT WOULD! WOULD THROW A FIGHT, BUT THERE'S NO DUBIOUS FIGHTER AROUND!



NO! NO! WE CAN'T DO THAT! GOSSIP! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME!

EDDIE: I DON'T! YOU GOT GREASE ON THE BOTTOM OF YOUR SHOES!



GEE! HE
LOOKS LIKE
HE'S GOT
THE
WIN!



TRY YOUR DIRTY
TRICKS ON ME, WILL
YA? DADDY DEAR!



OH, MISFORTUNATE TEARS AND MULTITUDE
HAVING ISSUE OF RECKONATION



BEHOLD THE HEAVENLY RESORTS TO
DIRTY TACTICS



AND LOOKS A PICKED FIGHT—



AND COMES BACK WITH A CRUSHING
KICK



RIGHTS AND LEFTS THROWN WITH
MURDEROUS PRECISION— THE
KICKER IS DOWN...



...AND OUT!



ON THE LOCKER ROOM



THE END

BOB AND GIL HIS CHAMPIONSHIP
MATCH? THE NEXT ASP COMES
WILL GIVE THE STORY.



BENTLEY

of SCOTLAND YARD

THE CASE OF THE VANISHING GHOUL

SLIPPER

SPRINGS BENTLEY
WAS FACED
HARRY & PATT -
LONG CREWS
BUT NONE SO
SKILLFUL TO
SOLVE AS
THE CASE OF
THE VANISHING
GHOUL!

THE RACY COUNTRY HOME ...
JUST AFTER DINNER...



SHERMAN AND ELLIS MARY, HE'D GO TO THE
RACY POSTURE



WE WERE GOING OUT FOR
A BIT OF GHOSTLY SHOOT-
ING, DAD

WE HADN'T IN
MORE LONG-T-
MOTHER!

VERY WELL / GOOD
BYE TO YOU!



BUT BE CAREFUL OF
THE BOYS / THEY'RE
TREACHEROUS!



MR MARY'S
BROTHER
AND HIS
CHILDREN,
WHO ARE
QUESTS
AT THE
HOME

GOSH I WISH
THEY'D ASK
ME ALONG
SOMETIME!



HOWNOR,
DICKY!
TRY TO
BE
POLITE
ABOUT
IT!



SURE DICK! BE
LIKE YOUR LITTLE
SISTER / I DON'T
MIND / THEY CAN
HUNT ALL DAY





INSPECTOR BENTLEY ARRIVES FROM SCOTLAND YARD.



SO YOU'RE THE BROTHER OF THE LATE MR. MACY?



THAT'S RIGHT, INSPECTOR. MY NAME IS LAWRENCE MACY.

AND YOU ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE GENTLEMAN I JUST SPOKE TO?



YES, INSPECTOR. I'M JANE MACY.

YOU, SHERMAN, AND YOUR BROTHER, WERE OUT HUNTING WHEN THIS TRAGEDY OCCURRED?

CORRECT, INSPECTOR. I CAME RUNNING AS SOON AS I HEARD MY BROTHER SCREAM!



DIDN'T IT SEEM TO YOU AS ODD, ELLIS, THAT YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO WASN'T AROUND WHEN YOUR FATHER WAS KILLED?



I LOVED MY DAD, AND I'M AS ANXIOUS TO CATCH HIS MURDERER AS YOU ARE.

INSPECTOR-MRS. MACY ASKED TO HAVE YOU COME TO HER ROOM AS SOON AS YOU ARRIVED!



JUST A MOMENT, INSPECTOR. I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU FIRST, IN PRIVATE.

INSPECTOR, I'D FEEL MUCH SAFER IF YOU'D MAKE AN ATTEMPT TO FIND THAT SHODDY THING THAT KILLED MY FATHER!



WE MUST HAVE CLUES!

I HAVE ONE TO GIVE YOU, INSPECTOR. COME WITH ME TOWARDS THE BOGS!





YOU RUN INSIDE AND SEE
HOW THE FINGER? I
WILL STAY OUT HERE AND
SEE THAT NOBODY LEAVES
THE HOUSE.

ALL RIGHT,
INSPECTOR!



BENTLEY STUMBLES
OVER A
BODY?



THERMAN!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
OUT HERE?

DOOM! MY
MIND IN THE
CHAIR! I
WENT OUT OF
THE HOUSE AND
WHEN I TRIED TO STOP
HIM, HE HIT ME WITH
SOMETHING.

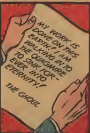


HE WENT STRAIGHT
TOWARDS THE
BOG.



THEY REACH THE EDGE OF
THE GUARDSAND ...

THOSE ARE
THE CLOTHES
HE WORE? AND HERE
IS A NOTE



MY WORK IS
DONE ON THIS
EARTH! I AM
WALKING ON TO
THE GUARDSAND
TO SINK FOR-
EVER INTO
ETERNITY!
THE CHOIR

BENTLEY AND THERMAN REJOIN THE
OTHERS IN THE
MAY HOME.



I THINK WE HAVE
THE SOLUTION?

THE CHOIR NEVER
EXISTED! THE RE-
SPONSIBILITY FOR
THE MURDERS OF MR.
AND MRS. MARY LIES
WITHIN THIS VERY
CHOIR!



WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR
FOR THE ASTOUNDING
DOUBLE MURDER?
CHOIR! REAR CHOIR
AND THEN TURN THE
PAGE FOR INSPECTOR
BENTLEY'S SOLUTION?

LAWRENCE MARY....
EDNA MARY....
JANE MARY....
THERMAN MARY....
ELLIS MARY....



THESE CLOTHES THE GHAUL LIED BY THE BOG FIT YOU PERFECTLY, ELLIS!

SURE? BUT I WAS WITH YOU WHEN MY MOTHER WAS KILLED



THAT'S RIGHT ENOUGH! BUT YOU WERE THE MAN WHO KILLED YOUR FATHER.



BENTLEY SUDDENLY RIPS THE CLOTHES FROM THEIR MAN'S PERSON!

AND THAT GUFFY YOUNG REARER DISCOVERS FOUR NEW CLOTHES IS IDENTICAL AND THAT SUPPOSEDLY PROVED BY THE GHAUL'S THERMAN!



I COULDN'T BRING MYSELF TO BELIEVE THAT SOME WOULD MURDER THEIR PARENTS. BUT HERE IS HOW THERMAN AND ELLIS ACCOMPLISHED IT!



FIRST, ELLIS KILLED HIS FATHER, AND THEN LEFT THE CLOTHES WITH THE NOSE ON THEM OUT BY THE DOG. THAT WAS TO BE THE ONLY MURDER.



HOWEVER, MRS. MARY HAD GUESSED HER SONS WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR KILLING THEIR FATHER AND WHEN SHE ASKED TO SEE ME, THEY HAD TO GET RID OF HER. WHILE ELLIS WAS WITH ME, THERMAN KILLED HIS MOTHER!



THEN, HE SLIPPED INTO HIS SPORT CLOTHES, AND PRETENDED HE'D BEEN KILLED BY THE GHAUL!



I CONFESS? BUT RAD WAS GOING TO CHANGE HIS WILL AND LEAVE EVERYTHING TO DICK AND JANE!



THEY BOTH GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO THEM!

AND YOU BOTH WILL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU, FOR THE MOST TERRIBLE CRIME I HAVE EVER HEARD OF: MURDERING YOUR OWN FATHER AND MOTHER FOR A FEW PIECES OF SILVER!



MORE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF BENTLEY, THE ACE INVESTIGATOR OF SCOTLAND YARD IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

PEP COMICS

THE BIG

5



ON SALE ABOUT THE
15th OF EVERY MONTH

**THE
LEADING
COMIC
MAGAZINES
ON THE
NEWSSTANDS**

ON SALE ABOUT THE
15th OF EVERY MONTH



**THE WORLD'S GREAT-
EST COLLECTION
OF THRILLS, ADVENT-
URES — AND
—MYSTERY—**

**EVERY FEATURE
IN EVERY BOOK
ALWAYS
BRAND NEW!**

